



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

of charity, whose courage, fortitude, energy, self-denial, have a fame which can only brighten with the lapse of years, and which will show its register in the Divine "book of remembrance" when God shall "make up his jewels."

SYDNEY SMITH ON WAR. — I am sorry I did not, in the execution of my self-created office as a reviewer, take an opportunity to descant a little on the miseries of war; and I think this has been unaccountably neglected in a work abounding in useful essays and ever on the watch to propagate good and wise principles. It is not that human beings can live without occasional wars; but they may live with fewer wars, and take more just views of the evils which war inflicts upon mankind. If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale deaths of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more misery inflicted on mankind by one year of war, than by all the civil peculations and aggressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet, gold and cock's feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures! It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against the passion for military glory, which really seems the most fruitful source of human misery.

CHRISTIAN WITNESSES FOR PEACE.

PRESBYTERIANS. — *Dr. Macleod.* War is a school of vice, a nursery of debauchery. By it cities are sacked, and countries laid waste. The dearest ties of kindred are unloosed; fathers made childless, children fatherless, and wives converted into widows. What more cruel, and less congenial with the spirit of the gospel?

Dr. Beman. The character of war is not less incompatible with the genius of the gospel, and an advanced stage of intellectual refinement, than that of despotism or slavery. It is a relic of barbarism which would long since have disappeared from human society, had the laws of nations kept pace with the positive statutes which govern the political and social compact. With two guardian angels, — Christianity on my right hand, and Science on my left, — methinks I am conducted to an eminence from which I survey the surrounding and subjected world. The freshness of Eden covers the scene, and the smile of heaven gilds the prospect. The trumpet of carnage is blown no more; nor does the crimson flag ever again unfurl itself to the breeze. The demon of vengeance, ever hungry for human flesh, is chained, and commissioned no more to imprint his bloody footsteps upon the earth; nor do the sighing zephyrs ever again waft the death-groans of murdered victims. The ensanguined field is no more covered with the mangled bodies of the slain; nor do the broad streams of blood ever again pursue their dark, and deep, and melancholy course amid the shouts of victory, and the agonies of despair. The wife is no more hastened into widowhood, nor her babes consigned to orphanage. The bow of victory is broken, the spear of death is cut asunder, and the chariot of conquest is burned in the fire. This is a consummation devoutly to be sought; an enterprise which may well command our most vigorous efforts while we live, and the successful termination of which will deserve to be perpetuated by a monument as high as heaven.

CONGREGATIONALISTS. — *Dr. Dwight.* War has prevailed in every age, and through every country; and in all it has waded through human blood, trampled on human corpses, and laid waste the fields and dwellings, the happiness and the hopes of mankind. It has been employed to empty earth, and people hell, to make angels weep, and fiends triumph over the deplorable guilt and debasement of the human character. We slaughter thousands and millions in war, and then plant laurels amid the bones, and nourish them with the blood of those whom we have destroyed. Yet, to men of such characters, statues are erected, nay, temples have been built, and altars have smoked with victims. To them, the page of the historian, and the harp of the poet are consecrated. To their praise the sculptor bids the marble breathe, and the painter teaches the canvas to glow. They live in palaces, and are entombed in mausoleums.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one — a poor, miserable, pine coffin. No flowers on its top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't — get out of the way; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the chariot-box; and, as he gazed into the rough face, agonized tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which a childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry, "Only once; let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stopped, panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes distended, his lips sprung apart, a fire glittering through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man, I will kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child. A monument, much stronger than granite, was built in his boy-heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any man appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward, with a firm tread and kindly eye, to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced — convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir? I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I — I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life

of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible.

AN EXPERIMENT.—For many years after the English had seized the territory of the Cape of Good Hope, the natives, especially the athletic and intelligent Caffres, made vain endeavors to recover their lands. Millions of pounds sterling were expended, and some thousands of lives of British subjects lost, in waging an exterminating war upon these patriot savages. But no peace, no security, no diminution of expense, and loss of life, was secured.

About 1855, Sir George Grey, then British Governor of the colony, adopted a new policy. He issued a government proposal to expend \$150,000, a year for the support of Christian Missions among these unconquerable tribes, provided that the various Missionary Societies would expend on Missions among them an equal sum. For many years fifty-fold that expense had been incurred in slaying the Caffres, and ravaging their country. Sir George rightly judged that the introduction of the Gospel would be a cheap process, both as to life and to money; and, what was much more, an effectual tranquillizer, such as years of war had failed to be.

The proposal of Sir George was not fully adopted; but Missions were established, and have wrought a huge change. We hear no more of bloody raids by the natives, on the homes of the settlers; and the cost of the colony to the home government is now but a trifle. H. M.

LEAF BY LEAF.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
And the summer sun and dew.

So, in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom,
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spread afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew;
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding forth its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

NATIONAL DEBTS.

England has the greatest indebtedness of any country in the world. Its interest consumed more than one-third of the revenues of the United Kingdom at the time of the Revolution of 1688, and had increased at the death of William III., in 1702, to £15,730,439. On the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, it stood at \$54,145,363. Little more than two millions sterling was paid off during the

reign of George I., and at his death in 1727, it was \$52,092,238. At the end, when William III. became King, the amount was small. Here, in round numbers, is a table of its increase:

Year.	Occasion.	Amount.
1688—	Accession of William III,	£666,000
1702—	" Queen Anne,	16,500,000
1714—	" George I,	54,000,000
1749—	End of Spanish War,	78,000,000
1763—	" Seven Years' War,	139,000,000
1786—	After American War,	268,000,000
1798—	" Irish Rebellion,	462,000,000
1802—	" French War,	571,000,000
1814—	" Fall of Napoleon,	865,000,000
1830		840,000,000
1840		789,000,000
1850		774,000,000
1856—	Close of Russian War,	800,000,000
1868		749,101,428

But, as to this must be added terminable annuities amounting to £47,930,222, the actual debt of England now amounts to £797,031,650, and the interest and cost of management is £26,571,750 per annum. The amount of gross revenue contributed by each man, woman, and child in the British islands is a fraction over £2 8s. (equal to \$12) —an amount which has largely increased since 1841. The share of each individual in the capital of the British national debt is £27 15s. 2d. (equal to \$133.24,) and the annual interest paid by each is 17s. 8d., equal to \$4.24. In round numbers, the British national debt is \$3,985,000,000, against about \$2,500,000,000 due by the United States; but the interest payable is on the British debt \$133,000,000, and on the American, \$130,000,000. The fact is, we pay upon our debt a much heavier interest than is paid by the English upon theirs; it is the difference in the value of money in the two countries. In England, a secured rate of interest so low as three per cent. is accepted; but with us six per cent. is about the lowest that money investments are expected to produce. The civil list, or allowance to the Queen of England and her family, amounts to over \$3,000,000 in gold, in addition to at least twenty royal palaces and parks rent-free, and kept in perfect repair at the public expense. Queen Victoria's private property, chiefly accruing from her own large savings and \$5,000,000 left to her by Prince Albert, is estimated over \$10,000,000. The Prince of Wales receives \$500,000 a year, and his wife's pocket-money is \$50,000 a year. But some of the royal family receive more than the civil list allowance. Thus the Duke of Cambridge (the Queen's cousin) receives \$60,000 a year, besides as much more as commander-in-chief, colonel of a regiment, and ranger of St. James', Green, Hyde, and Richmond Parks, with a palace at Richmond. He also has some valuable perquisites. Apparently the royal principle is to pocket all it can grasp.

The national debt of Greece amounts to about £14,000,000, besides a floating debt of £6,000,000. The amount per head is nearly £18 which is proportionally the heaviest in the world. The national revenue is always much smaller than the expenditure. The income paid to the King Georgos I., (brother of the Princess of Wales,) is £54,860 per annum, of which £12,000 is paid by the Governments of Prussia, France, and England, and £42,860 by the Greeks, and it is only justice to the young king to mention that in September, 1865, he announced his intention of dispensing with a third of the civil list granted him by Greece, in order to relieve the embarrassments of the public treasury. He does not rest on a bed of roses; for from between his accession in November, 1863, and the end of February,